

Mangoes

Tropical trees twisted
into grotesque shapes

under a hot sky
and a blinding sun:

yellow yellow yellow
everywhere

stings the eye.
Gauguin in his hut

snores and syphilis
gnaws away

like an angry rat.
Through the dry grass

two bare-breasted girls
carry trays

of ripe mangoes.
It is dinner time.

Saturday Dance

piano & drums
at Elks Hall
Saturday night

everybody
will be comin'
(only 50¢)

say you wanna
go steppin' with me
Marjorie Jo?

Yeah, with me

-- David Pearson Etter